FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

WE ARE repeatedly informed by the prophets of Israel that it is righteousness that exalts a nation, and the teachers of other of the world's great religions join them in emphasizing the presence of divine Truth not only within the hearts of individuals but also in the historical life of social groups, from the smallest communities to the largest cultural units. How God is active in history is a matter far less important than the fact that He is active, that His creation includes what might be called laws of the spirit, which human beings violate historically only at great risk.

A contrary view either divorces God from the reality of His creation or else leaves Him out of account altogether. Righteousness, in this view (if it is admitted to exist at all), exists exclusively within individual human beings and individual religious groups and has no pertinence to social and economic existence. National interest in foreign policy and self-interest in daily labor are held to be the prime realities of group existence, not the qualities of love, justice, truth, and peace. In the economic sphere, this view can lead very simply to "grinding the face of the poor," in the words of Isaiah's denunciation. In the international sphere, it can lead to a policy of calculation and can include manipulation, prevarication, threats, deceits, and military adventurism.

Increasingly during this century, God has been banished from history. Bernard Shaw noted that the First World War represented the exhaustion of nature's moral credits, and that it resulted from "the banishment of conscience from human affairs, or, as Samuel Butler vehemently put it, 'of mind from the universe.'" In U.S. foreign policy, since the World War II disputes between Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his undersecretary Sumner Welles, calculation has almost entirely replaced a traditional reliance on morality, or at least on some aspects of it, regardless of whichever party has been in power.

The problem is not simply a tragic disparity between ends and means, not simply the difficulty well-intentioned men have in realizing their intentions, but rather in not having intention at all save narrow national interest as defined by men who are all too often victims of self-interest. Indeed, individual self-will increasingly defines national self-interest. God is not even mocked. He is left out.

Fellowship in Prayer has its being in the conviction that the God of all faiths is indeed active in history, that he accompanies men and women through it, prompting them to that which leads to goodness and from that which leads to destruction. The personal and social are not separate in nature but united in Truth. Goodness in one area remains goodness in the other, and the great hope of mankind is that goodness anywhere can lead to goodness elsewhere. Indeed, it is life-changing prayer whereby our lives are turned from self to universal Truth that can bring righteousness to the affairs to states. Thus does God make all things new. — HM

FELLOWSHIP IN
PRAYER, INC.
Franklin Office Park
134 Franklin Corner Road
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648
(609) 896-3636

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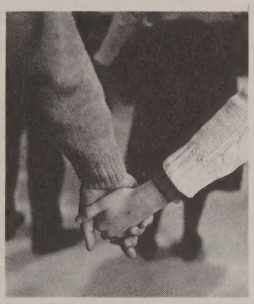

COVER PHOTO, taken by Contributing Editor Tom Dunham, shows Interweave group participating in Sufi dance.

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THE PSALMS FOR OUR TIMES

by M. FLORENCE TUMASZ, C.S.F.N.

FOR OUR TIMES! Why? In answer, I quote from *The Psalms in Modern Life* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1961) by Sister M. Cecilia, D.S.B. Calling the Psalter a "precious God-given book showing the best way to commune with God," Sister Cecilia defines psalms as "poems divinely charged with an intrinsic power that functions, as it were, sacrificially, lifting up on the wings of words to the Triune God, the worship of heart and lips so as to bring down to the soul His return gift of life and light." — *Ibid.,* p. 2.

Sister Cecilia sees in the psalms

> . . . the secret of all true Christian spirituality . . . in the truth that it is derived from the Holy Spirit who uses as His instrument not only the Mass and the sacraments but also the psalms, which He Himself has impregnated with the dynamic power of God's redeeming Word. This means that wherever the psalms are said with reverence and understanding "the Holy Ghost over the bent (soul), broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings" to bring forth the divine Word, not in flesh but in the human language of our prayer. — *Ibid.,* p. 15.

An anonymous author finds in the psalms

> . . . the silence of high mountains and the silence of heaven . . . and they become the Tabernacle of God in which we are protected forever from the rage of the city, of business, from the racket of human opinion, from the wild carnival we carry in our hearts.

The psalms are also weapons in the good fight for the Risen Christ whose witnesses we are. "It is more than coincidence," Sister Cecilia continues, that

> . . . the great warrior-King enters Sacred Scripture, not with a sword, but with a harp. . . . And so with the war cry *Israel* (God fights the battles), he makes every event in his life — all his struggles, sorrows, joys and triumphs — a sacred song, not for his own glorification but that God's kingdom may be established in the hearts of his people.
>
> . . . Yet the Christian today well knows that he, too, like David, must conquer enemies from within and without. . . . The modern man should also discover that, since the battles of the soul are won by spiritual

> weapons, he likewise should fight best with psalms on his lips, knowing that such is the Christian strategy. So the great Apostle of the Gentiles saw it! May all the wealth of Christ's inspiration have its shrine among you . . . now there will be psalms, and hymns, and spiritual music, as you sing with gratitude in your heart to God (Col. 3:16). — Sister M. Cecilia, *op. cit.*, pp. 23-24.

Another Scriptural scholar invites us to see the psalms as a poetic biography of Christ Himself — Bernard C. Mischke, O.S.C., *Meditation on the Psalms* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1963), p. XVI.

There is no doubt that the psalms were known also to Mary, the mother of Christ. And thus appropriately Sister Cecilia dedicated her study on the psalms: to "The Greatest Psalmist of All Whose Inspired *Magnificat* First Hymned the Father's Praise through Her Son."

St. Augustine (354-430) alluded to Mary as the tambourine player, *tympanistria nostra.* As her spiritual ancestress, Miriam, had celebrated in song the meeting with God in the *Exodus*, so Mary improvised her Magnificat to celebrate the great meeting with her God in the Incarnation.

And, of course, St. Joseph, too, sang the psalms together with Jesus and Mary in that perfect Holy Family gathering for evensong.

Augustine's predecessor in the Church, St. Athanasius (269-373) wrote of the psalms and their variety of subject matter:

> Methinks that in the words of this book you may find an exact survey and delineation of the whole life of man, the dispositions of the soul and the movements of the mind. If a man has need of patience and confession, if affliction or temptation has overtaken him, if he has been persecuted or has been delivered from the plots of his enemies, if he is in sorrow or trouble, or if he wishes to praise and give thanks and bless the Lord, he finds instruction in the psalms. — St. Athanasius as in Julian Maline and Wilfred Mallon, eds., *Prose and Poetry of England* (Syracuse, NY: L.W. Singer Co., 1949), p. 113.

Now as to why the psalms relate to modern media — electronic music, for instance — let me briefly quote from the Vatican II document *On the Media and Social Communication* of December 4, 1963:

> . . . like salt and light, they will give savor to the earth and brighten the world. Moreover, the Synod invites all men of good will, especially those who have charge of these media, to strive to turn them solely to the good of society, whose fate depends more and more on this proper use. Thus, as was the case with ancient works of art, the name of the Lord may be glorified by these new discoveries in accordance with those words of the Apostle: "Jesus Christ, yesterday and today, and the same forever" (Heb 13:8).

And another quote from the same document:

> The Church recognizes that these media, if properly utilized, can be of great service to mankind, since they greatly contribute to men's entertainment and instruction as well as to the spread and support of the Kingdom of God.

THE LONGING FOR LOVE

by DAVID GUNSTON

IT WAS a darkening winter weekday afternoon and the fine old church, hallowed by countless generations of worshippers, was empty save for one man kneeling in a candle-lit side-chapel, deep in private prayer. Suddenly the verger appeared and, deeming it time, he locked the murky building for the night. He faced a small personal dilemma. Should he wait until the praying stranger had finished, or . . . ? Without hesitation the verger curtly interrupted the heartfelt interceding, told the man to leave because the church was being closed, and departed. While one can appreciate the no doubt worthy official's desire to get home, his was nonetheless surely an action singularly lacking, in all the circumstances, not only in ordinary patience, but in simple charity.

It is surely the untold millions upon millions of such small selfish, and therefore loveless, deeds overlaying everyday life all over the world that contribute most to the appalling longing for love that lies at the heart of all human unhappiness and difficulty. This lack of love and the simultaneously universal longing for it must be humanity's greatest problem today. Of course, the solution is not the difficulty — only its application.

In recent times experts in many fields have come round more and more to confirming the 2,000-year-old New Testament teaching that love is the fundamental factor in human welfare. Biologists, social scientists, psychiatrists, teachers and others nowadays increasingly share psychologist Ashley Montagu's view that "to inhibit or prevent the expression of love is to do violence to the needs, to the structure, and to the functioning of the organism. To love and to be loved is as necessary to the organism as the breathing of air." Karl Menninger longs for the day when, as he puts it, "we shall have accorded to love that preeminence which it deserves in our scale of values; we shall seek it and proclaim it as the highest virtue and the greatest boon. Love is the medicine for the sickness of the world, a prescription often given, too rarely taken."

This lack of love manifests itself in our society in many ways, some of

them terrible, all of them pitiful. The world's newspapers and news bulletins are daily full of tragic examples. Wars; violent revolutions; political, racial, and religious persecution are all-too-obvious examples, but they can only be assessed in human terms. It is on the faces of the starving, the sick, the terrified, the imprisoned, the displaced — yes, and on the distorted faces of the mass-violent, the fanatical, and the power-mad, that lack of love shows itself most vividly. But these are unfortunately not the only ones. The delinquent, the malingerer, and the vandal no less than the callous criminal are betraying in anti-social terms just how much they lack love in their twisted, ego-centered lives. So in their own way do the lonely, frustrated men poring over girlie magazines or gazing outwardly emotionally at blue films or strip shows, also those whose sole concern is to compensate for this and all the other lack in their lives by acquiring all the money they can, often with a minimum of effort, often with cunning or exploitation. So are those who harry the weak, the simple, and the helpless, including animals and birds, or who continually seek to disfigure or spoil their surroundings or the natural environment common to us all. Even the compulsive buying of consumer goods, including clothes, or the compulsive consumption of food, drink, tobacco or other drugs may well be external symptoms of a thwarted or crushed desire to give and receive love. Power, money, sex, comfort, acquisitiveness and the resort to violence or destructiveness are pretty poor substitutes, but they are widely pursued today and used as such. It is almost as if the ego seems to be saying, perhaps subconsciously, "if I can't have what I really need, then I'll have these instead, to make up." How many millions live by that sterile and pathetic creed today?

Likewise there is what Aldous Huxley called "organized lovelessness." We not only exploit the natural world, its beauty and its resources, with almost total thoughtlessness towards the future and posterity, we also crush numerous aspects of individually creative art and entertainment by mass production and mechanical thinking that concentrate on the lowest levels of taste and excitement. In addition, we all too readily tend to think of people as mere "units" in a workforce, "cogs" in a system, "hands" producing (it is hoped) ever more goods or raw materials, and societies are increasingly tending to regard them as the unfeeling masses underlying the conception of the "state" itself, fit only to work for some vague common good and to be regulated and shepherded by the bureaucratic system. Mass organization in economics, trade, and government eventually climaxes into the "crowning superstructure of uncharity," the relations between sovereign states. The process is really indivisible, and regarded broadly, it has very little love in it, less and less each decade.

After grappling for years with the problem of how best to reconstruct our modern civilization creatively, Lewis Mumford felt that the only answer is the "sedulous devotion to love in all its aspects, beginning with tenderness. . . ." Otherwise the simple truth is that destructive and inhuman forces threaten that civilization with complete destruction, no less. If we yield to them, the blame will be entirely ours.

Therefore, to live as fully and as freely and as maturely and as sanely as we are intended to do, we need to be fully immersed in love. The love we need to try to reach out for, that we invoke and that grips us in prayer, that takes hold of our lives from time to time, is not — repeat *not* — our feeble attempt to generate warmth and light in a cold, dark and alien universe. It is the vast being of God Himself, the essential nature of our existence here on earth, by which we live and grow and advance together. The love does not belong to us, but we belong to Him who is love. It has become almost a trite commonplace to say rather unthinkingly, "God is love," without following the concept through. Or, rather, it will become trite unless we make the mental effort to consider what this means in simple, understandable terms. It means not only that love is at the heart and core of the universe, not only that our lives are moved, in Dante's words, "by love that moves the sun and starry fires," but also that the essential heart and core of each one of us is also love, because we are made by a loving Creator. It further means that God is the supreme being who responds in love, and in love alone, to every ongoing event in his creation. Nor is this divine love, in which we bask more closely and warmingly than we think, just an overall benevolence. It is in fact love of the very deepest concern and sympathy, skillfully at work using man-made evil by turning that into an overall pattern of good. By the simple all-powerful force of love, it uses and takes into itself all evil, and all grief and suffering — and our reaction to them — using both for finally all-loving purposes. God's love may indeed be unfathomable, but it is never remote or unattainable. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him," as St. John says boldly.

So our failure to love brings in its train everything we dislike and seek to escape from. How, then, to increase the amount of love in the world? Be more loving, not only to friends and relations and those we know, but also to those we see every day and so take for granted, to those whose good qualities we find hard to discern, to try and see every individual as a person dear to God and as an immortal soul within his ken and caring. Be more lovable, and be less anxious to set other folk to rights. For it is our loving, *un*critical acceptance of other people which counts, undistorted by any desire to put them on what we consider the right track, to conform to our notions of what is good or best for them. Then and only then can we discover how best we can serve or help them. All such love and loving continually renews itself in God's blessing, and all loving increases the effectiveness of his presence and his work in the world, and so brings him nearer to ourselves and to everyone. "The only cure for love is more love." Finally, never reject or ignore any manifestation of love from wherever or whomever it comes. And live and rejoice — in the certainty that "with them that love Him, God co-operates in all things for good."

As a religion and a way of life, Christianity, with its example of all-loving living, offers us the chance of loving as we long to love, "with getting people's loving released from all that imprisons and suffocates it and out into the open world where human beings simply wait for it to come their way." The offer, and the choice, is open to us all.

"So long as a man looks at himself, he cannot help but despair. But when he looks at the creation around him he will know joy." — *Israel ben Eliezer*

"LIFE . . . MORE ABUNDANTLY": UNLOCKING CHRISTIAN PARADOX

by JOHN C. HORNBURG

" . . . I am come that they might have life . . . more abundantly." John 10:10

"If any of you renounce not all that he possesses, he cannot be my disciple." Luke 14:13

THESE TWO verses give conflicting signals. The higher we rise in abundance of life, the deeper we violate Jesus' second injunction. And to the extent we renounce possessions, we fail to achieve the fullness Jesus promises.

Most Christians sense that somehow these opposing statements can be reconciled. But how? What is the perspective that will allow lines which diverge one hundred and eighty degrees from each other to be seen as parallel? Where is that place Archimedes would have stood to move the earth with his lever?

The common way of resolving the paradox is, I think, to regard "more abundantly" in the first verse as not referring to material possessions. That way, we can give up possessions and still have abundant life. In fact, one Christian tradition regards the vow of poverty as essential in gaining spiritual abundance.

But this interpretation excludes the wealthy individual who desires to follow Christ. Indeed, the Bible tells us specifically that we should prosper in a material way. In Genesis 39:2 we find that, "The Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous man. . . . " And Joshua 1:8 says, " . . . do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and . . . have good success." Here it even seems that following God's laws *results* in prosperity. So we are back where we started, with two opposing statements, both of which must be true.

We know that Jesus spoke from the level of God, and that no paradox can exist there; for the holistic level of creation, where all disputes and all opposites are harmonized, is what we think of God. Now everything in phenomenal creation is relative to something else — a tree is tall only in relationship to another which is shorter — but God, being the source of difference, must be that in which difference is unified.

The fault for paradox, then, lies in ourselves. It exists only in our perception. Our brain hemispheres, although they are designed to function in harmony, typically do not. Their opposite attributes do not mesh with each other as they should. The left hemisphere, through which we deal with the *parts* of life, governs acquisition ("gathering stones together"), and therefore identifies with the first of the two verses quoted. But the right hemisphere governs the complementary function of letting go ("casting away stones"). It is that part of us which sees not parts but the whole. Thus it resonates with Jesus' second statement.

But to see how the opposing statements really mean the same thing, we must observe from the level where Jesus spoke them. This would be the level where there is no duality, where relativity and difference are not manifest. Psychologically and physiologically this means balancing the hemispheres of the brain. When the two sides of the brain are perfectly synchronized, life would be seen as one unit rather than fragmented or divergent. And the simplest and surest way to do this is for both hemispheres to become silent. For if there is no activity in either side there must be balance.

This is the objective of meditation. But it must be true meditation rather than concentration or contemplation. These techniques focus the mind on concepts and thus keep it in activity. This means, in effect, that perception remains out of balance; whereas, what is desired is the generalized, systematic reduction of mental activity to a state of least excitation of consciousness, where it participates in the Oneness of God.

That state must be the integration of relative duality, because when there is no thought (the subtlest level of creation), the phenomenal world has been transcended. Physical creation is always subject to imbalance — indeed metaphysically speaking, it is the very result of cosmic disequilibrium — but the unmanifest state is the balance of God.

This is a natural state of the mind. It is merely exercise of the unlocalized, or omnipresent capability we possess at one extreme of mental functioning. It is nothing that is not allowed in principle by modern scientific concepts of the quantum vacuum state, which is non-active but also known to be the source of all manifestation. On the universal level of Christianity, this is the creative Father. On the individual level, it is the Son who is "perfect, even as his Father in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48)

The resolution of the paradox in question is an aspect of that perfection, of wholeness of experience. But we must bear in mind that, because the problem was originally in our consciousness, a change in consciousness is required to understand it fully. The brain hemispheres function as a unit rather than in isolation, so we must be prepared to see things in a different way. Words take on slightly different, or less localized meanings.

In the state where phenomenal experience ceases, everything has been given up. Not only are possessions renounced by being removed temporarily from experience and memory, but the same goes for the whole of the created world. We can own nothing in that state, for we are beyond the relative field of existence which is the province of materiality and possessions. The con-

sciousness with which we are experiencing is ever-removed from phenomenality. And yet, because it is an experience of intimate familiarity, we know it to be our fundamental nature and call it the Self. At that moment, we know that we can never possess anything because "we" are fundamentally immaterial, transcendental to the field of objects. That which possesses does not exist in the field of that which is possessed!

Furthermore, we know we can never possess anything because we are everything. We are omnipresent, undifferentiated, and therefore nothing can stand apart from us in the manner of a possession. Nothing has the distinction of being sweet in a world made of sugar. We possess nothing because we possess all. Life is much more than merely "more abundant." It is transcendentally so. Our "cup runneth over."

This is the extraterrestrial perspective which grasps the world. The divergent directions of paradox have circled the globe and met on the other side in parallel. Both verses are true on the non-dual level of the mind. It turns out that all we have renounced is limitation, while donning the cloak of infinitude. We find that the competition between Jesus' statements has turned into symbiosis. Rather than denying one by following the other, as before, the deeper our renunciation of material experience, the more abundantly we possess everything.

Transcending thought is not the state of "no experience" where one falls into a daydream and temporarily forgets what he is doing. It is that state of full experience in which a thought is systematically reduced in intensity until it vanishes, leaving consciousness observing itself, alone and pure. By alternation of this with daily activity, the two come to coexist. The perfect integration of duality is maintained through balanced hemispheric functioning in the midst of daily thinking and acting. With time the unified experience of Godhead becomes colorfast. By dipping the mind into the dye of Oneness and placing it in the sun of activity to dry, one eventually lives the perfect state of God's transcendence and immanence at the same time.

Thus we see that true abundance comes not from material poverty but from the "cosmic poverty" of renouncing the entire world and returning to it over and over again. The wealthy Christian is re-enfranchised. Because the experiencer within recognizes itself as ever-possessionless, it cannot be tainted by accumulation. This has always been the case but, not being aware of the Self on that level, we have identified it with our worldly activity. It has never been money, but, as St. Paul said, "the love of [it] which is the root of all evil." (1 Tim. 6:10) Transcendental awareness strikes down that attachment, and the soul is freed to devote all energy to prosperity. And from that same holistic level of consciousness, which is nothing less than Godhead, we directly derive the universal energy, intelligence and love to seek successfully all our goals in whatever field. Since we are then acting in perfect accord with God's will, why shouldn't we achieve everything we desire? The more wealth we accumulate, the more stabilized our inner renunciation must become, and therefore the closer we draw to discipleship with Jesus.

This is much more than the promise contained in each verse taken alone,

because each concept now gets its energy from the other in an ever-ascending progression. By bringing the two together in the name of knowledge, we have fused a resolution in which something additional is created. And that extra something is transcendental; just as in gathering "two together in his name" (Matt. 18:20), he is with us also.

There is no barrier in God's creation to this state of existence. In fact it is in the natural tendency of the mind. For as Jesus said, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke 12:32) However, it can arise only through direct experience. If it is attempted on the level of thought, or mood, the mind remains in the field of possessions and thus denies itself both renunciation and abundance, regardless of its devotion. Perception of non-duality can never be on the level of thought alone, for that is by nature dual. It is only the developing integration of perception which continually reproduces the experience of God's primal Oneness in the midst of everyday activity — our eye "becomes single" (Matt. 6:22) and therefore our "whole body is full of light."

PRELUDE

Cold, mute, motionless,
I linger at this barred door
And, stripped of my will,
Understanding, memory,
Continue knocking, knocking.

— *Carmelita McKeever, C.S.J.*

INTERWEAVE: CREATING A BETTER WORLD

AN INTERVIEW WITH BOB MORRIS

by D. JANI DRUCK

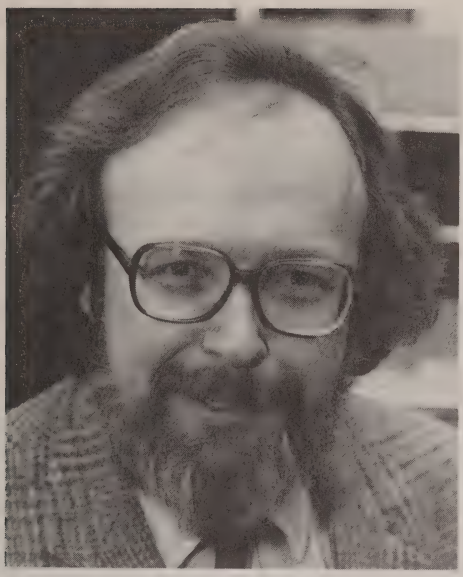
Interweave is a center for holistic living which offers workshops on topics like stress management, nutrition, and bodywork techniques, but more than that, it wants to improve the world by moving it toward a future where the best of the past and the present can be found. Created out of the compassionate and prophetic vision of its founder/director, the Reverend Robert C. Morris, Interweave seeks to educate in the skills needed to make the world gracious and safe for its inhabitants, human, animal, and vegetable.

FIP: What is your religious background?

BOB: The roots of my religious journey are in southern evangelical Protestantism, though I grew up in Detroit. The southern fundamentalism comes from growing up in a southern family and spending every summer on a farm in Tennessee. I loved that, and I identified with that as much as, or more than I identified with growing up in Detroit. I went to a very good public high school in Detroit, which had a super educational program and, because of that, ended up going to Yale on scholarship. I decided by that time I wanted to enter the ministry, and for a couple of years I was a ministerial candidate without a church, because I couldn't any longer fit into the fundamentalist environment. I spent a lot of time thinking and studying and praying about it, and finally joined the Episcopal church because it seemed to me to combine the traditional rooting in the past with open-mindedness. I graduated from Yale with a major in history in 1963, then went to General Theological Seminary, the official central seminary of the Episcopal church. I graduated from there in 1966, was ordained a deacon in Detroit, and served a church there for a year. I came back East to seminary to work on a master's degree, which I never finished, and that's how I got to New Jersey. I did part-time work in New Jersey and ended up in 1968 in Calvary Church in Summit, where I was the Associate Rector for 14 years. We developed the Interweave program out of our church education program. I'm working full-time with Interweave.

FIP: How do you connect your background with what you're doing now?

BOB: On one hand, there's a direct continuity between those roots in a coun-



try, fundamentalist church community and what I'm doing now. On the other hand, obviously, there's a lot of difference. But the continuity is wholeness, the same notion I had as a kid, that God wanted people to be whole, and that Jesus was somehow a manifestation of human wholeness, though that's not the language they put it in. I remember an old fundamentalist hymn that I sang when I was claiming my religion for myself — "Oh, To Be Like Thee." The motivation to be like Jesus, who is a representation of the full flower of humanity, came to me at an early age.

FIP: How does your work with Interweave relate to this?

BOB: By sponsoring an educational organization, I'm trying to offer people ways of learning conceptions about themselves and ways of behaving that link the different parts of the self together. The usual catch-phrase for that is body/mind/spirit. Also, at Interweave, we're trying to witness to a view of human nature, or to the many views of human nature from the ancestral past, which are not reductionistic. I think that the modern age has an extremely reduced sense of who human beings are. We at Interweave are trying to use the resources of all the world religions that say that we are more than cogs in a social machine, we are more than customers, we are more than thoughts and feelings and bodies. We are what the traditional religions have called spirit, and there are many dimensions to us, and we can learn from all religions.

Human wholeness involves a good deal more than simply getting your act together in a socially effective sense. That's not to be despised — we have practical courses about getting your act together in a socially useful sense —

decision-making, relating to other people, communications skills, parent-effectiveness training, and so forth. But it's not just a matter of "making it," it's a matter of discovering that one is a fellow creature with the other forms on the planet, and that includes animals and the vegetable kingdom, too. One is part of the seamless fabric of nature, but, to use traditional mythological terminology, human beings are also part of the intelligent order of the universe that we call God. We're trying to create an atmosphere at Interweave where people can talk about this order and relate themselves to their own chosen religious traditions in ways most meaningful for them.

FIP: So, Interweave helps people talk about their lives and their religions, and it also helps them change their lives?

BOB: Yes. To change people's lifestyles is also to open them to their perceptions. How we live is what we see. My daily behavior is an act of perception. It opens me to certain things; it closes me to certain things. What I see then reinforces how I live, and the habits then reinforce perception.

The lifestyle patterns of the twentieth century are dangerously divisive. For example, busyness — being overextended as a way of feeling important — is taught to us. We live an overextended, overstimulated style of life, which for many people gets roped together with the issue of identity — I am important if I am busy. We live in a busy society, involved in busyness because it's a business society. Nothing wrong with that, but then we trip and keep getting ourselves deeper in it.

It's a way of behaving in which we have to desensitize ourselves, even to our bodies. A lot of people who undertake yoga or begin meditating and begin setting up different sets of habits discover, as their body awareness becomes resensitized, that they had been hurting themselves. They begin to think, "Hey, wait a minute! I'm hurting myself by doing so much over and above what I really need to do. The state that I used to think was a real high I realize is the kind of exhilaration of an overtired child. Now I want to be more deliberate about how I invest my energies. I want to be more present."

FIP: Being more "present," more in the moment is part of the change?

BOB: Yes — when one starts to be present where one is, one may begin to notice what's in the environment. If I start being present in my marriage, I'm going to have to bone up on my communications skills. I may have to deal with certain issues in interpersonal relationships that my busyness has protected me from. I may become more sensitive to other people.

How I live is directly related to the planet. When people become more open to their perception, they begin to challenge the assumption in the modern world that convenient means better. Many of the conventions we have are extremely destructive to the fabric of our relationship to the planet. It seems to me we ought to become more consciously deliberate in our choices, and not just say, "Hurray! Now I have more time to watch television."

(continued on page 17)

ROBERT C. MORRIS: NUCLEAR DANGER, HUMAN HOPE

TO BE honest, the increased awareness of the nuclear threat which has been stirred up by more hawkish leadership, the Nuclear Freeze movement, and the eloquence of Schell's *Fate of the Earth* frightens me. It excites me, too. It excites the part of me that doesn't want to live deadened by the Bomb, ostrich-like, pretending my life and all other life is invulnerable to this impossible possibility. But, honestly, this consciousness-raising frightens me.

The wellspring of grass-roots protests against the nuclear insanity is a sign of hope, the assertion of a love for life and an affirmation of life's worth. I have been part of it, and will continue to be. But if this raising of awareness doesn't ripen into a mature, realistic *long-term* Hope — into a long-ranging commitment to live fully and courageously in the face of this darkness — then I'm afraid the alertness and alarm of the Freeze debate will leave us worse off than before. It will be like another one of our culture's *interests*: the thing we talked about in '82.

Only it will be worse, because the thing we talked about in '82 was, quite realistically, the fate of the earth. And the deadness that will follow, the repression, and the "reaction-formation" of increased frivolity and fun will make the previous Time of Ignoring pale by comparison.

Without courage to create in the face of Death — our own death, or even that of the Race — rising Awareness is always in danger of being co-opted by destructive forces within the psyche, forces which recoil from life's challenge with a subtle fury that can undermine the sincerest intention.

Awareness of nuclear threat can spark the unconscious desire for self-punishment many people carry.

Closely linked with this impulse is the unexpressed backlog of hostility, rage, and frustration lots of us carry with us, leading to a deep desire to destroy.

The third great threat here, it seems to me, is the death-wish itself, of which Freud has made us uncomfortably aware: the desire to be extinct.

As Schell points out, humans traditionally have faced their own

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death with the notion that their "works follow after them," that they have descendants who carry on. So, investment in life is not lost. But what if there are no descendants? Why bother? In other words, how can you go on the Journey if there is a very, very real chance that you may fail?

It doesn't have to be that way.

BEING HERE NOW

I don't think there is any one answer. But this is part of it, surely —

—living creatively and affirmatively
because of the intrinsic worth
of the action itself,

because the action itself
is worth doing.

Not delaying satisfaction
till some future success,
but *taking satisfaction*
in what you are doing
right now
because you and your deed
have got integrity.

The deed becomes more its own reward, because the doer of the deed isn't putting up with it so some future result will happen.

If children are worth having and loving now, is there any need to balk at bringing another life into the world? If working to stop pollution and reduce arms aren't in and of themselves actions that develop and ennoble the human spirit, why do them for future generations? If it's not worth being a human being now, will it ever be?

If we continue inhabiting the world with one eye on the clock, and our dreams in a future satisfaction that never comes — or if we chuck any responsibility for the future and seek to deaden ourselves with the overstimulation of frenetic consumption, great danger looms.

If we cultivate the art of valuing who we are, and where we are, and what we do — cherishing it, savoring it, then we will be less likely to throw it away in discouragement or despair.

Excerpted from the Interweave *Guide to Holistic Living,* Vol. 3, no. 5.

FIP: So, one person's lifestyle change affects others, affects everyone, in a sense.

BOB: Lifestyle change is social change; there has to be more to it than personal and private change. I think that the whole business of paying attention to the body and the environment, of learning ways of managing stress, of learning more efficient and effective ways of relating to other people is the lifestyle that modern civilization needs if it's not going to be destroyed by its advances All the arts of presence and nonstriving that meditation represents are part of the skills that people need to learn to balance the busyness, to balance the striving to make it possible to have a more human and humane life.

I really think that in many ways our tendencies — too much industrial-technical rape of the environment, pollution of the ocean, that whole set of trends — head us toward a cliff. I have a picture, a kind of parable I've used for myself and other people. My picture is of the human race moving across a landscape and heading toward that cliff. But I see significant numbers of people near the head of the line of march turning in a different direction, turning away from that cliff of destruction. Some of the things that are turning us away are the renewal of spirituality and the sense that we are responsible for something more than our little lives. Also the bare survival issues, as people notice, for example, that we can't continue polluting the water table if we're going to drink the water, are turning us.

And so, I see the line of march turning, and I see it headed back toward what I call the house of the ancestors. I don't see us going back to live there. I see us going back to the ancestral wisdom to pick up skills we need for the future and move on; skills like yoga, like Christian contemplative prayer, and traditional Jewish practices. We're in danger of forgetting some essential humanity right now, but we need to remember it to move on to a future which combines the best of our ancestral heritage with all this flashy new technology we have.

FIP: What's coming up on the horizon for Interweave and you?

BOB: One of the things we are going to be doing at Interweave more and more is dealing with depression and death and the dying process. Death is, in a sense, a symbol of the fact that life has an ultimate claim on us. The more we can entrust ourselves to the life process, the less fear there's going to be. And if we learn the skill of how to trust, we're going to be much less inclined to end it all.

As for me, more and more I'm doing workshops in practical Christian spirituality through Interweave at churches of various denominations. And now that I've made myself so busy that I know I'm important, I'm seriously trying to practice cutting down some of the stuff I do, so that I can really be present to myself and to other people and to God, as I go through what I'm doing. I've decided that life isn't worth doing what I'm doing if I can't have that presence and the satisfaction it carries. I'd rather pump gas.

? - ; - !
THE ZEN KOAN

by BRAD HILL

? — Mystery's Invitation

I EXIST everywhere. Being the unseen substance of all things, I am always familiar and ever unknown. This "?" is one of my forms, through which I am called mystery. My offer is not one of companionship exactly, for you and I are indivisible. I do invite an awareness of my full presence in your world.

It is a mistake to think that mystery is opposed to knowledge, or knowledge to mystery. Mystery known is mystery appreciated. Mystery is not opposed by any of the mind's contents — it is opposed by the mind's reflexes. Mystery's presence in your awareness is habitually cut off before my compatibility with your being can be demonstrated.

Nor should mystery be confused with mystique. I am the plain, unadorned fact of existence. Although opening yourself to me will be an adventure, I will enter your life by means of the absolutely mundane. Unassuming contemplation will be the means, which gains its ends most quickly when focused on the day-to-day. The liaison between us, then, will be what you now take for granted, until no liaison is needed.

I know that to many I am associated with doubt, ignorance, insecurity. I have no part of any of these. It is true that I am an enigma to the mind, but I am not offering myself to your mind. I am directing my invitation to the part of you which can aspire to be free of the mind's mechanicalness. Mystery dawns through life's capacity for introspection, coupled with the mind's uninhibited ability to wonder. Your aspiration will find its way to me through your mind's acquiescence.

But mystery cannot enrich your awareness while you are afraid of it. I will never force my way past your anxiety, because by such aggressiveness your fear would be well justified. It may sometimes seem that the unfathomable nature of existence is forced upon you, perhaps when least wanted, but in reality you have achieved a ripeness of which you are unaware. I will never fail to respond when my invitation is accepted, but you must take the initiative. It is to that end that I encourage you to take note of the ways in which you reject my invitations.

Everything you perceive is my emissary. Your life would be a rhapsody of mystery, awash with the unknown, if you were not trained to take so much for granted. My invitation to check that reflex is offered with each question that comes your way. Every question to which you address yourself is addressed to you personally, and is ripe with potential. The invitation is simply to let them live *as questions* in your mind. Every question quickly answered is a lost opportunity. They are given to you for your appreciation. They are not given because they need solving — that need comes from you. Solve them if you want, but never feel that an unanswered question is of less value than an unquestioned answer.

A puzzle can be solved, and as a result dissolved, but mystery is immune to both solution and dissolution. My request is simply that you be aware of your mind's behavior, and see it in a larger perspective. The mind hungers for the chance to say "I know." Your food, on the other hand, is wonder and appreciation for uninterpreted existence. "I know" is a fence dividing an open field. Only the mind itself is restricted. The invitation to boundlessness remains extended.

My fundamental ?-ness, of which all questions are temporary forms, is undying. "Why" and "how," representing the inquiry into the purpose and origin of things, are unendingly resilient. To answer a question is simply to outgrow one of mystery's forms. Form after form will be shed until my ?-ness is seen as essential to existence.

The world is constructed in such a way that this invitation can be accepted and reciprocated to whatever degree you want. The first step, and one step at a time thereafter, is all I ever ask for. I can awaken your curiosity or I can transform your entire being.

; — An Empty Fullness

As she walks across the temple courtyard toward the meditation hall, her steps are slow and seem absurdly careful. There is about her an air of absorption. Before, her life was characterized by energetic activity. Now her activities are few, and her energy is applied with a new deliberateness. Dressing, eating, sitting, walking — these are the challenges of the day's agenda. Before, her thoughts were scattered among her myriad responsibilities and accepted pressures. Now she practices the concentration of her mind, and has briefly experienced its emptiness. At one time, surrounded by family and acquaintances, she had neither the time nor the inclination to be alone, though she often felt isolated. Now, part of a tightly knit community of kindred seekers, she is always by herself. She attempts "mindfulness" in everything. At first she did not understand what the word meant, or why the idea was significant. Now she knows that it does not refer to being careful or learning or judging or solving or adhering.

It must means paying attention.

Is even a dog possessed of the Buddha-nature? Mu!

A Zen Koan is a device. It is not meant to be profound in itself; it is meant to yield profound results. A koan frustrates the reflex by which the mind deprives itself of a question's offering. It is this reflex to which "Mu" is addressed. The single word by itself is the koan. "Mu" is an exclamation in the negative, but it connotes more than simply "no." It might be expressed by "Don't" or even "Stop!". The acceptance of mystery's invitation is a pause by which the intellect's momentum is stopped.

Creating questions in order to select answers is one of the mind's practices. Unselective concentration is a Zen practice. Accordingly, life at a Zen center tends toward simplicity, since the prevailing state of mind is that nothing *else* is ever needed. *This* and *now* combine to form the focus of life. But there is an inner heart even to this practice.

> She reaches the zendo. A few of the others are standing on the porch, and nods are exchanged here and there. There is a certain sense of community, but no conversation. The time comes to enter, and she proceeds slowly to her place, where she assumes the now-familiar but still less-than-comfortable posture. She sits as she has been taught to sit, and does what she has been told to do. Her energy marshaled, she begins to concentrate her awareness on a small piece of absurdity which has been given her.

What is the sound of one hand clapping?

This is the koan of koans, to which there can be no quick answer, no answer at all in the usual sense. At first, of course, the mind takes responsibility for finding a solution. Virtuoso cleverness, subtle metaphor, pointed silence — all are presented daily to the unimpressed Roshi, who quietly encourages the disciple toward further contemplation. The mind suffers through its increasing frustration until some point of saturation is reached, and then gives up. Beginning then, the mind cooperates rather than hinders. With relaxation, the urgency of the koan is allowed to fill one's awareness without triggering the intellect's reflex to solve. The direction of this practice is not toward a conceived solution, but toward a received resolution.

> She sits for a period of time, which usually seems much longer than it is, occasionally much shorter. A clap of wooden blocks signifies a break in the sitting, during which she walks slowly around the zendo three times. The next sitting is, for her, a profoundly different experience yet profoundly the same. There is the same pain spreading relentlessly up her legs, the occasional fly crawling on her face, the capriciousness of her thoughts, the koan in the center of it all. But this time she is not cringing from the pain, raging at the fly or chasing after her mind. Her awareness is

a clear montage, with no judgment on her part. There is not even the self-congratulatory thought that this is the kind of neutrality she has told herself she wants, or should have. She simply experiences it, although it would be just as apt to say that *it* experiences *her.*

What is the Buddha-nature? The bush at the edge of the garden.

Mindlessness and mindfulness come together in the purely aware state of mind. A pausing mind is the "zestful ease" which signifies the acceptance of mystery's invitation, and the koan is then a radical way of reciprocating it.

Not all koans are questions, but they are all "?"s. Since its form is deliberately unfathomable, its relationship to the "?" within it is more easily seen. By concentrating on this steadfastly, everything in sight and hearing can take on its fundamental shape. A koan can become the whole world, because anything can be a koan through the intimation of its inherent "?"-ness.

! — The Response of Light

I am mired in darkness.

You feel heavy now that you have stopped running, and blinded because you have switched off the lamp you carry with you. The activity and viewpoint you once had are still available, but you will never accept them again as you once did. Your aspiration has become attuned to a different order of being. It is true that this darkness and heavyness are both dispersed by my light, but just as my mystery would not push past your self-imposed certainty, now my light will not force itself upon your darkness. I can only invite your invitation. But be certain about this: Any endarkened awareness can be enlightened. An enlightenment is simply an existence which has become less heavy and less dark. Light and lightness form a single freedom which is known through soaring and shining. And freedom is not created, it is realized.

What am I doing here? I've forgotten what I am trying to get.

The great koan of human life is the pursuit of oneself. You have entered a training program wherein your mind is being forced outward to its limit in order to convince it — and you — that all outer searching is in vain. This is why you are constantly reminded that the treasure you seek is inherent in every seeker. The profound and necessary absurdity is that you can get nothing but what you already have, which fortunately is exactly what you want. Your aspiration for the constant state of "!" is the same as the search for yourself.

Light dawns. Your dawning will seem like a sudden event or a gradual infusion, depending on the mind's state of awareness. If you sleep through a sunrise, morning is upon you suddenly; if you awaken while it is dark, daybreak proceeds with imperceptible gradations. Either way it is the same event — the dispersion of darkness. In reality, "!" cannot come suddenly *or*

gradually: *it* is not forthcoming. You will come around to it. Its light revolves around you no more than the sun does.

I don't know whether to press forward or give up.

You have heard the remark, "If you meet the Buddha on the road, kill him." This is a koan of alternatives. Do not think that the Buddha stands in your way, and that killing him will move you forward. If you run forward, whether to greet him or strike him, he will seem to recede endlessly before you. And if you decide to retreat from him he will chase after you tirelessly. It is not a matter of going either forward or back —- you need only turn around. The Buddha is seen on the road only when you turn your back to yourself. The purpose of your koan is to feed *and* frustrate your belief that the Buddha is "there" and not here, "then" and not now. The dead Buddha on the road is the dawn of your self-recognition.

Remember that giving up discards weight. It is an enlightenment, insofar as it lightens. But it can never enlighten as long as there is the belief that giving up means abandoning something you want. That leads only to depression, and a depressed awareness is the opposite of an enlightened one. There is no abandonment, only the shifting of attention to a different format of life. You are as indivisible from my light as from my mystery, which is both part of the mystery and part of the light. The only things that can be given up are the constraints which prevent you from turning to meet your dawn.

When will this struggle be over?

The light you seek is in a continual state of dawning, but you are not continually receptive to it. Like the sun, it cannot turn itself on and off. By accepting my earlier invitation you have taken on the darkness which must exist before it can be dispersed. Hard as it may be to realize, the day will come when you will see that the duration of this period was under your determination. At that time you will also see the common identity of mystery and certainty. "?" and "!" are both expressions of pure wonder, distinguished only by inflection. One questions, the other responds, but it is all life's wonder talking to itself.

You have read the saying, "To reach the other shore with each step of the crossing is the way of true living." This is a koan of practice. It speaks of the presence of what is hidden, the immediacy of what is distant. To take a step is to practice your destination. To be forever dawning is to be always beginning, and this is what lies in store for you; you make it yours by practicing it. Only by practicing what you want can you realize that it is already yours. That realization — sudden or gradual as it may be — is the "getting" that you aspire to. The struggle ends when you begin to get in a different way. Just as depressed getting is a feeling of need, enlightened getting is the practice of having. What you want to get is light, and what you want to do is practice lightness. This is the sum of enlightenment. There is nothing to be gotten, but there is everything to be had.

PRAYER

Prayer is the heartbeat of the soul,
The vital breath;
Prayer is a happy transition to death.

Prayer is thanksgiving and adoration
Before God's glory and His majesty.

For those who ignore Him,
Those who do not love,
Prayer is mindful reparation.

Prayer is presence, prayer is grace,
The contemplation of His Holy Face.

Prayer is silence mid activity;
Prayer is inner peace, serenity
Despite the day's strife.

Prayer is the nucleus of life.

Prayer is a flowing font of holiness.
Prayer is self-forgetfulness.

Prayer is noble generosity
Embracing the world of poverty
Of body and of soul.

Prayer is desire
Which like a well-fed fire
Leaps higher and higher
To the eternal goal.

Prayer is flight
Untrammeled, free,
Into the arms of the Trinity.

M. Florence Tumasz, C.S.F.N.

Church Windows

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIFF MOORE

When the how of an insight is as important as
the insight itself, creation unfolds in Presence

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE HUMAN?

THE PASSIONS OF FAITH AND THE MADNESS OF ART

by JOAN CONNER

. . . A second chance — that's the delusion. There never was to be but one. We work in the dark — we do what we can — we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art . . . .

Henry James from *Middle Years*
quoted in Rosemary Haughton's
Act of Love, p. 99.

. . . When you dance as the inner choreographer directs, you act without thinking, not in command of events but in harmony with them. You yield control, accepting the chance that a mistake might be part of the design. The inner choreographer is always right but often dangerous: giving up control means accepting the possibility of death . . . your business was not smoothing the world over but adventuring into it, discovering its true nature, and closing valiantly with everything jagged, cruel, and deadly.

Suzy McKee Charnas
The Vampire Tapestry, pp. 170-71.

I HAVE come to understand that being human in the theological sense is a basically experiential process in which God speaks in and through our lives. We examine and appropriate what we can when we sort out the scattered messages that come through to us. The startling, often intense, communication with which the "Holy Other" addresses us leaves many loose ends which cannot be packaged into theologically abstract language. When God speaks in the world, it is within our inner lives he most directly engages us. It is here he has our whole attention even when we are not consciously aware of his presence.

To be human is very much like being the character Jim Dandy in Saroyan's play, *Jim Dandy, Fat Man in a Famine — The Man Who Knew the Truth But Was Looking for Something Better!* Perhaps we all do know the truth — of our own existence and that of others — but in the end we are all also looking for that "something better." Something better than what? Better than that identity which often only hangs comfortably on us after years of intense suffering and struggle to define ourselves? Is to be human perhaps something one only "achieves" after having been a failure at two or three other professions?

For myself, to be a person was very early to experience loss, separation, fear, having one's ordinary world ripped apart — a sense of cataclysmic destruction. I was born into World War II in Europe. Today war is made via the "cool" world of TV news media — we make war in isolated parts of the world — the Falklands, Afghanistan, Viet Nam. Often we make war on people

who are very different from us. What has often struck me so vividly in looking at those old WWII news clips that occasionally find their way onto TV screens is that in looking at the faces of the people — their bodies stacked like cordwood outside of Belsen, Dachau, and other places — *they all looked like us* — our eyes open and lifeless — our skin, our hair, our ways of smiling and talking and being human! You begin, when you see those news reels, those pictures of how it was, to sense, just for a moment, that in that time war involved everybody! It involved the whole world in a way that had never happened before and never happened again. You can't *not* identify with their pain, their suffering, their terror.

So to grow up while that was going on — to grow up in the midst of it, you can't help but have a very different view of your own identity — what it is to be human — than someone who grew up in a world "at peace" with itself with only "little wars" on the other side of the globe — wars that killed only people whose skins were a different hue, whose eyes were differently shaped. Except — except if you had lived a war yourself and lost everyone you loved, learning early that the world can change so suddenly. Except if your earliest memories were of your tiny fingers being pulled one by one from your mother's hands and never seeing her again! Then you take war and the suffering of others very seriously. If you have suffered yourself in this way, you can't not identify with the "other" and color doesn't matter, sex doesn't matter and the shape of eye or nose or limb — none of it matters because that's a person that it's happening to and you can't ignore it! You become very early aware — so terribly aware of the fragility of human life, of human relationships.

If you survive all this, then you begin very early to ask questions. Because your world has turned upside-down, been blown apart, you very early begin to ask "Why?" and "Who runs things, anyway?" You begin to want desperately for things to have an order and a purpose — to have meaning beyond what you can see. Sometimes you begin a little earlier than usual to see what is unseen — to make contact with something that centers your being, something outside of yourself that sustains you. Later as you grow older you begin to ask the questions that only survivors ask — you begin to ask a God you don't understand why you have survived. Why so many others didn't. You want to know what it is you mean? Who has made all this and why? Most of all, you become sensitive to all that is broken, imperfect, lost or fragile in the world!

I did not recover all of my earliest history until much later in my life, but one of the earliest incidents which stands out clearly when a childish "decision" about my humanity was made came when I was eight. I was sent on an errand on a hot summer afternoon — around the corner to my "aunt's" house. As I was walking by one house I heard loud shouting and a child was crying. The sounds came through an open screen door — an angry man's voice, threatening a child (I do not know if it was a girl or boy). I stopped and listened — I was glued to the spot on the sidewalk. I remember thinking how angry my aunt would be if I were late, but I could not move. I felt great anger at the man who by then could be heard hitting the child, who was screaming. I

wanted to go through the door and stop him from hurting the child, to explain things, to make it right — but at the same time I recognized (perhaps for the first time) my own small size and innate helplessness. Enormous rage boiled up in me so fierce that it was frightening. I wanted to run but was rooted to the spot. I knew that if I tried to stop the man I would be hurt, that I was too small to do anything!

What came to me in that moment was from my own "center" — my identity. It was in the form of a statement to myself — "when I am big I will never let anyone do THAT to a child!" My life was not in any way dramatically changed but somehow with that small incident, with my feeling of helplessness and rage, a direction was taken that has carried through the rest of my life. I became a teacher — of art — later, an art therapist, still later, a special education teacher; finally, a school psychologist. Always my concern has been with children and, oddly enough, abused children have made up a large percentage of my caseload. "The inner choreographer is always right, but often dangerous: giving up control means accepting the possibility of death . . . ," one's own in particular. So the willingness to give one's life for others is part, too, of what it means to be human.

The only other course in anthropology I have had was nearly twenty-five years ago when I was a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania. I was fortunate enough to have the course with Loren Eiseley, who was just about to publish his first book, *The Immense Journey*. I remember vividly his portrayal of what it meant to be human for Ice-Age man. He showed us a skull with the evidence of an old and healed injury. He pointed out that the earliest humans "cared for" their sick and wounded members — that they were as fully human in that as any of us — perhaps even more so. Then he asked us to reflect on what that must have taken in the way of humanity to care for someone who could not produce anything or provide food for himself. The image of those earliest human beings who could leave us such startling evidence of "caring" has stayed with me for all these years. It is another part of what it means to be human. It is part of a link with the Body of Christ for me.

How do I approach what it means to be human for myself? In the beginning of my life I painted the things that were too difficult to put into words. I preferred the visual image. But gradually, I found I could write out questions, some answers even, in the form of poetry and journals. I have kept an ongoing journal since I was thirteen. Not continuously or rigorously, but enough to be of value to me in asking questions of my life.

More recently it has burst in on me why the "how" of the process or idea is as important for me to set down as the idea reached. Because for me the two are one. They are an organic whole. So "how" I get to an understanding or insight is as important to me as the insight itself, because there is a unity between them. Because I am an organic thinker, the nuances of the process are important to me and cannot be denied. The whole point about the integration of the "how" of a process with the content of an idea — the "how" *is* the appropriation of the idea or event. My need to both understand the way in which one "appropriates" or takes in an idea as well as the idea is a need for concreteness — "the making mine of knowing."

You can't help but get excited about this when the appropriation of something and that something itself are a unity, a whole, to you. When we get a statement that does both — "appropriates" and "is," then one gets very happy, very excited because we feel so freed, so *whole* in working that way — in understanding that way. For example, "Jesus is the face of God!" contains both the idea and the appropriation of it. Another example might be "God is Love" or "Jesus is Lord!"

For me the focus is not in the "leap," the Passion of Faith that Kierkegaard talks about: that only gets one off the earth. For me, the real passion is in the wheel and glide of free flight — the joyous swoop and dive of being free — in a vast expanse of open country — and the inner sense of certainty when one follows question and answer through all the implications, of being alone creatively in the presence of the Lord of all thoughts of just being there. Not the power of it, but the smallness of oneself and one's flight, the vastness of all creation that unfolds in Presence. Finally, it is the "knowing" — the not quite being able to put into words what is so much larger, so much beyond the ground of being — which is loving, affirming, and supports all free flight. It is only in that Presence that we are not dashed to the ground when we leap! We leap and soar and glide in faith, knowing we are grounded in that Presence. To communicate even for an instant all that we have seen would be a gift — perhaps even a more joyous gift than the flight itself.

So my questions at this point in my life have to do with the fitting together of question and answer, of free flight and the flight plan. I have begun to know that I will never know the answers as I once thought all grown-ups did, that we are all "process" and "transformation" and "relationship." There is no master plan I can appropriate. That we are all on a journey from which we can never retreat — even when it costs too much and scares one half to death!

Then, truly, the liturgy and scripture open up before me. The Eucharist becomes so important — so central to my being — it is bread for the journey. A choice? There is always that freely given opportunity to choose not to go, to hide out under the covers because one is small or weak, or helpless and afraid of the dark forest. But in the end, you see, there never was but one choice — to go, to follow the path the Lord took, to eat of the bread and wine he left along the way for our journey. The hardest part is not one's fear, or the dark, but the loneliness. In the midst of a journey which is so crowded with so many others asking the same questions of their humanness I still feel a terrible aloneness for someone who speaks the questions I ask in my language. But there are those moments when just for an instant — there are moments of "real presence" in another, what Erikson calls "the numinous" occurs and our language is spoken, the question is spoken, the response given!

To come apart and be made new
is not the half of violence —
As living in another's skin
and dying to the Light.

RABIA

THE SLAVE GIRL WHO BECAME A SAINT

by WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

MOHAMMED the Prophet died in 632 A.D., and a period of turmoil, upheaval, and spiritual renewal came to the Arab world. The star of Islam rose; the ancient religion of Zoroaster waned. Mysticism flowered in the Persian Gulf region. As in other periods of change, nature also went on a rampage with earthquakes, droughts, and plagues. This was the world in which Rabia was born in 717 A.D.

She was the fourth daughter (Rabia means "fourth") of a poverty-stricken Moslem family in Basra, a city at the head of the Persian Gulf, near the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Rabia was a child when a terrible famine struck, killing both her parents. The sisters became separated, and Rabia wandered, hungry and homeless, until an itinerant peddler seized her and sold her to a slave-trader.

Rabia's first slave-master was a tyrant who drove her unmercifully for about ten years. But Rabia, even as a girl, was sustained by a remarkable inner strength, and she never complained, accepting everything as the will of God. Despite the harshness of her life, she radiated serenity and purity.

When she was about twelve, she was returning from the fields with a pitcher of goat's milk on her head when a ruffian attacked her. Running into a gully, she fell, straining her wrist and spilling the milk. Seeing escape was impossible, Rabia looked inward for God's help. Immediately she felt his Grace flow through her, and in the silence of her heart she heard God say that He was always with her and would protect her.

She rose and calmly faced her assailant who, frightened by the strange light in the girl's eyes, left her unharmed. When she returned home, her master flew into a rage and beat her for spilling the milk. Later, when she was about sixteen, he sold her to the owner of a brothel.

The brothel-keeper was sure he had a prize in Rabia. She was tall, with finely chiseled features and luminous eyes, and she would surely attract many men. But the brothel-keeper was destined to be disappointed. Rabia's only lover was to be God. Men, indeed, were attracted to Rabia; but when they came to buy her favors, they were so struck by her pure countenance and inner glow that they fell at her feet, sobbing, or left in confusion and shame. Soon men came to see Rabia for the sole purpose of feasting their eyes on her and listening to her discourses on God. Often they left transformed.

The brothel-keeper's business was in a decline. Finally, in desperation, he sold Rabia to a merchant. Her new owner was less cruel than the one who had beaten her, and more considerate than the brothel-keeper, but he was very demanding and insisted she do all the cleaning, cooking, and errands for a large house. Consequently, her only time to herself was late at night when the household was asleep.

One morning before dawn the merchant woke to hear his slave's voice raised in prayer. Creeping toward the sound, he saw her kneeling in a tiny meditation room she had created. Above her head was a great light which illuminated the room. Rabia was saying, "Dear Lord, you know I want to serve only You. Must I serve both You and a man?"

Shaken, the merchant returned to bed. The next day he told Rabia that she was free. Gratefully she left and walked into the desert seeking solitude with her Divine Beloved.

The region around Basra is one of the hottest places on earth and is beset by immense dust storms. (In present-day Basra, the date-growers pray for temperatures of 120 degrees F. in order for the dates to ripen properly.) For a long time Rabia lived alone in a cave, communing with God and playing her flute. (From time to time during this period, she earned money playing music.) As the years passed, spiritual seekers began visiting her, and some stayed to sit at her feet and to serve her. In time her followers built a retreat for her on a hillside.

Among Rabia's disciples was Hasan of Basra, who would later become known as a Sufi saint. One day Hasan was chided by a friend for being the disciple of a woman. Hasan shrugged and replied: "Would you believe that I spent an entire day and night with the beautiful Rabia, speaking of the Way and the Truth, and never once did it cross my mind that Rabia was a woman and I was a man."

In the twelfth century, four hundred years after Rabia, the poet Attar wrote a book called *Memoirs of the Saints*, which is the oldest known Persian book about saints. To Attar we are indebted for many of the stories and legends about Rabia.

Attar tells how Rabia made a pilgrimage to Mecca, with only a donkey for company. While crossing the Arabian desert, the donkey collapsed and died. Rabia removed her belongings from the animal's back and then knelt to pray. "Dearest Beloved," she said, "you are calling me to You, but You have let my donkey die and I am alone in the wilderness. Tell me what You wish me to do."

Suddenly the donkey stirred and slowly got to its feet. Rabia tied her belongings to the animal's back and continued on her way.

As she neared Mecca, she saw the sacred Kaaba coming to meet her. She said, "I am not interested in the *house* of the Lord. It is the Lord I want." The Kaaba retreated.

To a suitor she said, "My existence is in God, and I belong to him alone. The marriage contract must be sought from Him, not from me."

Rabia accepted all pain and suffering as gifts coming direct from God.

Once, while strolling with a companion, her hand was torn by a thornbush and began bleeding, but she ignored it.

"Do you not feel the pain?" her companion asked.

"My concern," Rabia said, "is to accommodate myself to God's will. He has made me occupied with much more than the tangible things you see."

Once when she was ill with a high fever, a visitor suggested she ask God to bring the temperature down. "Surely God will take this suffering from you if you ask Him."

Rabia smiled wanly. "Who do you think it is that wills this suffering? Is it not God?"

"Well . . . yes."

"Should I ask God to do something contrary to His will?" She shook her head. "It is not good to oppose one's Beloved."

Even after Rabia became widely known and was surrounded by seekers and hangers-on, she never lost her simplicity or her total reliance on God. Once after she had fasted for weeks her servant was preparing a meal for her when she discovered there was no onion. "May I go borrow an onion?" her servant asked.

"Many years ago," Rabia said, "I promised God I would never ask for any gift except His Presence. I can do without the onion."

A moment later a bird passing overhead dropped an onion at Rabia's feet.

Attar tells a charming story of a time when Rabia was sitting by the Tigris River when her disciple Hasan approached. To impress his teacher, Hasan threw his prayer rug onto the surface of the water and leaped onto it, using his occult power to keep the rug afloat. "Come on, Rabia," he said, "join me. God will keep us afloat."

Rabia shook her head sadly. "Oh, Hasan, is it necessary to make a show of the powers God has given you?" Tossing her own prayer rug into the air and rising to kneel on it high above his head, she said, "Come up here, Hasan, where people can see us."

Returning to the ground, Rabia said, "What you did, Hasan, a fish can do. And what I did, a bird can do. The real work of lovers of God is far beyond such games of yogis and fakirs. Let us devote ourselves to the real work."

As Rabia grew older, she slept less and less, spending most of each night atop the flat roof of her house in prayer. "My Lord," she would say, "the stars are shining and the eyes of kings and beggars are closed. All the people have shut their doors and every lover is alone with his beloved. And here am I, my Beloved, alone with You."

Rabia lived to be eighty-four, then passed away quietly in the midst of her followers. Before she died she embraced each one present, and then, in her sweet and still-strong voice, she said a prayer: "Beloved God, if I worship You from fear of Hell, burn me in Hell. If I worship You from hope of Paradise, exclude me from Paradise. But if I worship You for Your own sake, then do not withhold Yourself from me."

". . . I've been healed."

HANDS

by BOB WAITE

ON MY WAY to Baltimore, driving down U.S. Interstate 95 with my Aunt Marian, I tried to conjure up images of the famous healer I was about to visit. I read *Mystic with the Healing Hands: The Life Story of Olga Worrall* two weeks before the trip. For some reason I expected Olga to be short, dumpy, and very Slavic looking. Perhaps, I thought, she might be very intense with

bewitching eyes that wouldn't let one out of her glance. Maybe she was translucent and sort of electric in appearance. I didn't know what to expect.

By the time I crossed the Delaware state line, anticipation turned into anxiety. I remembered from the biography that Olga was clairvoyant. She will probably be able to read my mind. I must think only nice thoughts. A holy woman like Olga Worrall may not appreciate the kind of thoughts that wander in and out of my flakey brain. I was then approaching the state of Maryland.

We stopped for coffee in Maryland, just over the border. By now my anxiety turned to paranoia. I remembered in the book that sometimes people meeting Olga would see her deceased husband, Ambrose. My aunt, who had also read the book, asked me, "Do you think Ambrose will be there?"

"If he is, I hope he likes us," I answered.

After driving for three hours, we finally made it to the New Life Clinic, just outside of Baltimore. The clinic was actually a small Methodist church. I made sure, before going into the church, that I smoked enough cigarettes to get me through her lecture, the healing service, and the lunch after the service where I would interview Olga. After rapidly smoking three cigarettes, my heart was pounding excessively from the nicotine and the anxiety of meeting such a person as Olga Worrall.

Finally I got up enough courage to enter the little white Methodist church. My aunt came in with me through a side entrance which led to the Reverend Bob Cartwright's office. In the office, opening mail was a thin, good-looking woman with white hair, brown eyes, and a warm, engaging smile. She was of average height and wore a black clerical robe. She looked at me, smiled and asked, "Can I help you, honey?"

I introduced myself nervously, shook her hand and sat in a folding chair across the office from her. She was holding a stack of mail and started to laugh. "Look at this," she said. She handed me an unopened envelope. "Read who they sent it to," she said pointing to the envelope. I laughed. The envelope was addressed to Olga Worrall, State of Maryland.

"How did it get here?" I asked.

"It's really something. Those men at the post office get all my mail to me. I once got a letter from Canada addressed to Olga Worrall, United States." We both laughed.

Bob Cartwright then entered the office. I told him a little about Fellowship in Prayer. He smiled approvingly. He was a very good-humored man who, like Olga, enjoyed kidding and had a mischievous twinkle in his eye. My anxiety left me and I felt right at home.

Olga Worrall has been healing the sick at the New Life Clinic for over twenty-five years. Her husband, Ambrose, deceased since February 2, 1972, is still a living part of her ministry. Their marriage lasted forty-four years and was devoted to spiritual healing. When Olga lays her hands on a sick person, she believes that she receives help from Ambrose, who is with her, in spirit, combining his healing energies with hers.

Not only can Olga channel God's healing energy to the sick, but she also

is at home in another world — the world of spirit. Her kind of serenity is only possible for those who know that there is more than just this life. Many of us believe that there is an afterlife, but Olga knows. In our doubt, usually when we are alone, we sometimes think that our belief in the hereafter is no more than a wish — that our ultimate destiny is dust and nothingness — that death is a barren harvest reaped by all. Our religions say no, but our fear of an all-too-finite existence robs us of the peace we could have if, like Olga, we knew that our biggest hope is true.

Olga and Ambrose met mutually unaware of the other's healing gifts and psychic abilities. They learned to explore the spiritual world together. In *Mystic with the Healing Hands,* the author, Edwina Cerutti, tells of how Olga and Ambrose made trips to the spiritual world in what they termed their astral bodies. They carried their mission of healing to those who passed on by easing the shock of passing on from this world to the next. They had twin boys, who died at an early age, and still they were able to keep in contact with them after the boys left this world for the next.

Mrs. Cerutti, a doctor's wife and sceptical about Olga's stories at first, became a reluctant believer, if not from the evidence marshalled by Olga, then because of the steady sincerity and honesty of Olga herself.

Olga has had contact with her husband since he left this world. The contact with Ambrose is a vital part of her ministry, and when Olga heals someone, he is there too, helping and directing. At least Olga believes so. Her certainty of an afterlife is as strong as my belief that I won't fall off the earth and that the day is light and night is dark.

Up to three hundred people come to the New Life Clinic every week to be healed by Olga Worrall. My aunt came with me because of a pain in her ear which would not go away, increasing in intensity every day and thus robbing her of the quality of life she once knew without that nagging ache. Others came the same day, some with much worse afflictions. I talked to a man outside with a collapsed lung and saw people limping and others who looked like they were bravely enduring some awful pain. It showed in their eyes, like an expectant intensity.

I arrived at the New Life Clinic at 9:30 a.m. After Olga read her mail and joked with me a little, probably to relieve my obvious anxiety over meeting her, she explained to me something important about spiritual healing. "It's like the rain," she said, "it falls on both the just and the unjust. Belief is important but it is not a prerequisite to being healed. Some come here prodded by a relative without the slightest expectation and they leave healed. Others fully believe they will be healed and nothing happens. It's all up to God. I am just a channel for His healing power."

Before the service, Olga lectures on healing. The lecture starts at 10 a.m. I had just enough time to get a cup of coffee before going to the lecture. I hurried so that I wouldn't miss a word. I was by now completely at ease and thoroughly intrigued.

Olga began her lecture by reading an inspirational poem and saying a

prayer. Everybody in the room was completely silent. Many have been attending these lectures for years. No one even coughed when Olga began to speak.

She read from a story in *Prevention Magazine* about an alleged healer who charged people $100 to be healed. The person in the article told those he would heal to strip down to their underwear as a condition of being healed. The healer would often verbally chastise those who came for help about their attitudes and so on. After reading from the article she told of others who charged for their services, sometimes up to $750. She then said, "It is this kind of behavior that gives spiritual healing a black eye. Such quackery defames the sacred ministry of spiritual healing. To play on sick people in this way is absolutely criminal."

Olga then said, "Unfortunately, in every profession and art there are frauds. She likened such frauds to artists who use their "God-given" talent to forge copies of the masters. Healing, like artistic talent, is a gift and must be used for good purpose.

Spiritual healing, Olga believes, is an art. It cannot be learned by those without the gift, but its practice can be improved upon by those who already have such a gift. Olga runs workshops for healers who wish to improve their techniques. "You cannot make a healer," Olga maintains. "A healer is born."

To prevent frauds, Olga believes the churches, whose business is ministering to the sick and others in need, should be in charge of spiritual healing and serve as a screen to keep frauds from self-servingly practicing the sacred art of healing.

Olga does not charge for ministering to the sick. She believes, "What is freely received should be freely given." She counts herself as most fortunate to have been married to Ambrose, who as a successful engineer, never left them in want, and insured that they could always practice their art free to all those who asked for it.

In her lecture she lamented the fact that many young people turn toward drugs without realizing how damaging substances such as marijuana are to their spiritual well-being. She said that teenagers are often shocked when she tells them to stop smoking marijuana. They often deny it, but she knows, she can see it in their auras. Olga tangently spoke of the aura. "We don't have the same color aura at all times. If we are being loving, our aura is blue. When we are intellectual, our aura is yellow." Then she said with genuine sadness in her voice, "I see these young people who use drugs and their auras are all brown and muddy. They don't know what they are doing to themselves spiritually. I hope that some day every child is taught an appreciation of the spiritual."

After the lecture, there was a meditation period for twenty minutes. During this period, while sitting in the hard wooden pew, the silence refreshed me. My aunt would occasionally whisper a question in my ear about what to do during the healing service and all I could do was shrug my shoulders. I didn't know. I was just taking it all in, with a surprisingly open mind.

At 11 a.m. Olga, Reverend Cartwright, and some visiting clergy of various denominations took seats near the altar. A visiting Baptist read from

the Gospel and then Reverend Cartwright spoke in a humorous way about positive thinking. All the visitors were introduced, including a medical doctor who also practiced spiritual healing. Olga spoke a while, read a prayer, and asked that the sick children be brought up to the altar first.

Olga, the doctor, and the visiting ministers then lined up in front of the altar to receive the sick. First came mothers carrying their infants. Olga would hold the babies, coo at them, speak a little with the mother, and then touch them with both hands. After the babies, came the adults, some of whom limped to the altar. Some would come to one of the other healers, while others would wait for Olga. One woman left the altar with what looked like tears of joy. Family members hugged her when she returned to her pew.

Throughout the service I watched Olga's hands. They looked bigger than life to me, even though they are actually small and dainty. They would turn red when she applied them to the sick, and waves, like the kind you see on a hot summer day at the beach, seemed to sway in the air as the sick received her touch. I may as well have been in a trance. I couldn't keep my eyes off those magical hands.

Meanwhile, my aunt went up to the altar for her ear. Since Olga's line was the longest, she went up to the medical doctor. He put his hands on my aunt's shoulders.

My thoughts were still on the magic of Olga's hands. But what I saw was not simply magic. Olga has attracted the attention of the scientific research community and has allowed them to run tests on her abilities. In one experiment she distributed the particles in a cloud chamber with her hands, by concentrating and touching the outside of the glass. A definite wave pattern was detected.

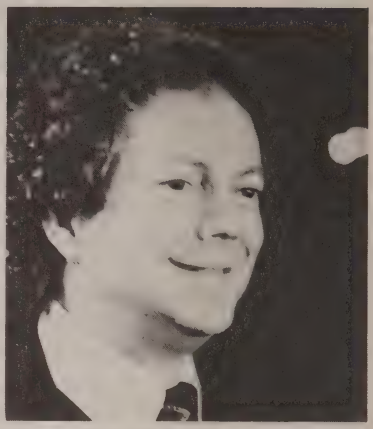
After the service, anyone who wished could buy lunch in the church cafeteria. The lunch was prepared by a group of elderly women from the church auxiliary. Tickets for lunch were only $3.00. Olga asked my Aunt Marian and myself to join her at the reserved table. We sat at the far end of the table, across from two nurses, who came with a physician to see and interview Olga Worrall. Besides the physician and two nurses were other visitors, among them a Roman Catholic priest who was also a professor of canon law and theology. Such a mix of doctors and clergy are common company for Olga after her clinic.

It was difficult for me to talk to Olga at lunch. She was surrounded by interviewers and by people leaving who wanted to say goodbye or thank her. When I finally did get to see her, I knew it wouldn't be for long. She extended her hand, and I could feel in it the compassion of her ministry and her genuine warmth as a human being. I said goodbye. She asked me to call if I needed any more information. My aunt and I then left.

On the highway something came back to me that she said. "All we can do is pray that the quality of life is improved — that's what healing is really all about."

As we were crossing the Delaware Memorial Bridge, my aunt turned toward me and said, "Bob, my ear doesn't hurt any more. I've been healed!"

CURRENT REPORTS: JOHN ROGER



HE'S a former school teacher, stands about five feet, six inches, and has a quick and easy smile. But to his thousands of students throughout the world, he is no ordinary man. He is John-Roger, or J-R, the Mystical Traveler and founder and spiritual director of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA).

Through his many books and seminars, John-Roger teaches the path of Soul Trancendence, or transcending the negative realms into Spirit. This relatively rare interview for a non-MSIA publication was conducted recently in the organization's Soho Light Center in New York City.

FIP: Many spiritual teachers describe their work or the set of teachings they represent in terms of a specific lineage. Could you describe the lineage of the Mystical Traveler Consciousness?

J-R: The lineage of the Travelers is the lineage of the Travelers. Now it's been called a lot of different things in different countries, but they've usually been referred to as householders, as saints, as fakirs, as carpenters, as ordinary people. This is not a line that is a genetic inheritance, as much as it might be called a psychic genetic inheritance or spiritual genetic inheritance . . . .

The Mystical Traveler is a consciousness. It is present in me and you and it's always present and, when you die, it's present in the next one who's alive . . . . The distinction between here (points to himself) and the other places is that here it knows itself, within me it knows itself. Within you it may not know itself, but it's still there. I know it's there and you also may know it's there and you may not know it in the fullness that I know it, but you may know it more fully than I know it, but don't have the keys or the authority that's been given it . . . .

FIP: I imagine that there are still some people on the planet who, if they saw you walking down the street, they'd say, "Oh, I know him from such-and-such a time. That's Roger Hinkins" (John-Roger's former name). Could you describe briefly how you came to the Mystical Traveler consciousness and what effect that had had on your life's work?

J-R: Prior to 1963, when I became full recipient of the consciousness — the impact that had on me is as different as your life is now from my life. You might say, "Well, there's really no connection. We're different parts, doing

different things," and I'll say, "That's what it was with me." Whoever existed before me had nothing at all to do with what existed after this consciousness arrived. But in the same sense of the word, we're in the room together, breathing the same air, sharing the same life essence, and therefore we do have something in common. So, even when I say that we don't have anything in common, it's an out-and-out contradiction because we do, even though we don't have anything directly in common.

FIP: How has the consciousness changed the scope of your responsibility?

J-R: I have no responsibility. I have no upkeep or maintenance. I don't have to perform according to rules or standards because the Traveler Consciousness is free.

FIP: That's a lot to swallow!

J-R: It just is . . . . I do what I do because I like to do it. I don't want to do it — if you could consider that a want. I really don't have a want. If I would use the term, "I want something" like a glass of water, I don't "want" it. Someone brings it to me. Like an earlier thought flashed through my mind — my mouth was getting dry, and that minute somebody brought me a glass of water because the part of me that's in them and the part of them that's in me knew it. They were aware enough to pick it up on that subtle level and supply it.

FIP: But I wonder if there's a sense of evolution in you. Are there still levels of inner growth that take place inside of you?

J-R: Oh, of course. As you ask me questions, I have inner growth because I take what you say and put it inside of me and look at it and see the perception you're looking at and I grow with that. If I already did all my knowing before you got in here, this would be very boring for both of us. But if I let each one of us come fresh to each other, whatever you do becomes inspiring like, "Oh, wow, that's me! That was neat you said it that way," rather than, "You could have said it this way because . . ." and do *that*. So that whatever form you present in is a right and proper form.

FIP: Now, a lot of the people on the planet right now don't have a spiritual teacher or guru or any of these kinds of guides . . . .

J-R: That they know of . . . .

FIP: Right, that they know of. That's important. But is having a person that's a spiritual master a necessary prerequisite to what you call soul transcendence?

J-R: When you use absolute terminology, then the term has to be given an absolute. If we're dealing in ultimate realities, then we talk about the ultimates,

but we're not living in that right now. We're living in a time mechanism here so if you say, "Ultimately," I say, "Yes, they can do it by themselves — ultimately." "Are they going to do that?" "No." Why? Because they haven't done it. Because then we come down to whatever ego structure they've grown up with that says, "I'll do it by myself, I'm going to retain my individuality, nobody's going to take control of me." Well, those are just nonsense because nobody's got control here anyway and nobody's an individual anyway. We're a composite of mama, daddy, and all the books we've read and all the training. And the only thing that's individual is the essence of your life that we call soul, and the essence of the soul is that spirit we call the Traveler. So in the same reason, you and I are just one here, my right hand talking back to my left, or the right hand talking to the right hand. There's no difference. We're only differentiated physically, emotionally, mentally so we can play with each other — a play of the words, a play of the ideas, but in the final analysis, that's all it is. Indeed, it's a serious play, but it's not a drama. It's a serious play as a comedy.

FIP: There are a couple of terms that are used in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness that refer to working with the "Light" or the "Sound." What are the Light and the Sound and how do they interrelate?

J-R: The Light is, of course, l-i-g-h-t, living in God's Holy Thoughts. The Light is like informational intelligence . . . . The Sound is, as stated in John in the Bible, the Word is with God. That Word is a Sound. In other words, when God spoke, creation came about because that speaking was God's spirit and all things are out of that. So out of God comes all things, but Sound is the vibration of creation and Light is the manifestation of the creation.

FIP: What is it we're doing then when we have something that's of concern to us and "place it in the Light?"

J-R: We're saying, "God, Thy will be done." We're also saying that I don't know what's best for this person, I really here, in this mind, do not know what's best for all of this but, Lord, you do know, and I'm placing it in the Light and I'm placing it in you. I'm giving up to you, Lord, and whatever you bring forward, I'll go with that . . . .

The value of the Light is to travel inside through the darkness of what's been presented to us on the planet, the karma of the planet. We then use that Light to enhance our abilities, our talents. We use the Light to go inwardly and light up the dark places inside us where we maybe withheld stuff or we've got resentments or grudges. Those are dark areas so what we do is we ask the love of God, which is the Light of God, to come into that.

Now, there is value in that, but the sound current, which is what I'm of the lineage of, is a way to ride that spoken word — the word of God — right back into the heart of God through all levels of creation. My job is to connect with the person . . . .

FIP: So we can say that Sound and Light are interrelated, that Sound is a subtler frequency than Light?

J-R: Sure, when you get up higher, into the spiritual realms, to be seen you must be Light. And in those other realms there are sounds that are beautiful celestial sounds, and if you don't know which one you're listening to, which one you're going towards, which instrument is playing, you could stay on a level for eons of time and reincarnate back because you didn't get high enough up from the pull of karma into this level.

FIP: So, it must be helpful to have somebody who knows the map.

J-R: That's it, and the Traveler knows the map. So, after you've been there for a while, it says to you, "Come here." You say, "What is it?" "I want to show you this thing here. It's really beautiful." And you say, "Okay." You're in agreement. They take you through the secret place on the next level. But you have to stay on that level you are on until your soul absorbs the brightness of that — the strength, the purity, the spiritualness of that so that you'll be strong enough to go up to the next level. And you may go up to the next level and you have to come back because you really weren't strong enough to hold it. So you go in and out of it many times until you become acclimatized. We call that spiritual exercises.

FIP: A lot of so-called spiritual teachers are stressing the importance of social responsibility in the context of the possibility of the planet ending in nuclear destruction. In MSIA, it seems that the approach is working toward what's called Soul Transcendence, so that one can get high enough to get off the planet. Are these two things contradictory?

J-R: No, when you're in the Soul, you're in individuality — trueness. When you're in Soul Trancendence, you've gone past the soul into the spirit, into the allness. Now allness is in everybody on the planet. From that place you can exercise greater influence than you can from a physical level of, first I've got to clip my toenails before I can go down and talk to the people. It's just a greater influence because the spirit is more in all.

Also, though, people don't realize that we are today experiencing the results of Krishna, Buddha, Christ — we are experiencing results. Plato, Aristotle, Descartes: all of those are now influencing our lives. We're getting the benefits, negative and positive, of what they put into motion — but the people around them didn't. They killed most of them, which means their work wasn't right there . . . . Centuries from now, maybe eons, my and your work will have bits of influence upon others. We'll say, "Thank God that we were here doing what we did because they reaped the benefits." But we were here doing the work, not for the benefits. We're sowing consciousness.

Social consciousness is such a difficult thing because its primary access is the ego, and the ego's primary source of energy is the mind and the emotions, and that source is what I think and feel about. We've all been raised culturally

and tribally in quite different ways . . . . So long as we deal with the label, which is social reformation, then we have to make sure that we all have the same definition. We can't because they don't translate across the languages. But the heart translates through all languages. I already know this. I've experienced it. You have, also. It translates across creed and color, geographical locations and vibrational frequencies.

FIP: So, inside of this awareness of the heart is it possible to move through some sort of social action as part of an inward progression?

J-R: Yeah, sure.

FIP: But, it's not part and parcel.

J-R: Not necessarily. Part of the tendency of the Movement is to use everything to your advantage and then it's called, "Don't hurt yourself and don't hurt others." And then it's called, "Help yourself, so you can help others." .— and there's your social thing there, also. It must first come from being secure in the knowledge, in the intelligence of the spirit we are. Then, when you step forward into it, the thing re-forms around you. You do not become a reformist, nor an anarchist, nor a rabble-rouser. It re-forms around you as like particles re-form around a magnet because that is the attraction and we're attracted to the free form, but the form is also delivering freedom . . . .

The movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness is not an outward reformation. It's not a reorganization. It is declaration, once again, of the truth.

FIP: So, in a sense, you're not really trying to establish something on the earth?

J-R: It will not be established on the earth. It's established in the heart and the soul, which is not of the earth. It's of the spirit, but we could walk through here and we could come into group meetings, seminars, and *love,* and through *that*, extend the loving and being loved and find out that we *can* be open and loving: that just reaches out . . . .

FIP: A lot of people come into this social consciousness perspective with a belief that the planet is right now at a crucial time in its evolution. I've heard you say things like, "Living in the 80's is graduate-level work." Do you see something extraordinary about this time? Is there such a thing as the New Age? Are we in danger of entering a thousand years of darkness?

J-R: No, there are people who will be in darkness for thousands of years because that's what they want. The New Age, the Golden Age, comes with each person who wants to be in there. As a mass movement, it is only a vocabulary term, because people are mistreating and abusing people all the time, even in prayer. Mary sits and prays that George will leave the girl he's

with and come to her. You know, that's black magic. The Golden Age prayer would be, may George be happy whatever George is doing . . . .

FIP: Are you also saying that there is nothing particularly special about today in terms of mass group consciousness and spiritual awareness?

J-R: There *is* that because we're reaching the critical mass point, or what's referred to as the "hundredth monkey syndrome" . . . . We, as people, can move. We have seen riots where one person got hurt and another got angry and pretty soon that mass anger moved. When they got angry enough, then they rioted. Of course, that can happen. It can happen negatively, or we can move it positively. That's a nice thing to know. Everybody can strike and everybody can work.

FIP: If you had to put all your teaching in a phrase or a couple of sentences, how would you define the "way out" for human beings right now. What is that way out?

J-R: To move in, find the soul, listen to the sound of God in the light of God and travel back on that to the very heart of God. And, on the physical level, it would be to have health, wealth, and happiness while you're here.

— Angelo John Lewis

NEWS OF PRAYER

Peace News

Summer saw stepped-up activity in the peace movement as thousands demonstrated, protested, biked, marched, walked, and got arrested. Among the activities were:

Peace Pentecost
In the largest mass arrest in Washington D.C. since the Vietnam War, 242 clergy and lay religious leaders were arrested for praying for peace in the Capitol building. Organized by Sojourners Peace Ministry, the demonstration took place on Pentecost, which happened to coincide with the vote in Congress for funding of the controversial MX missile system.

June Demonstrations
In June about 2,000 activists were arrested in civil disobedience actions held in over 50 cities across the nation. Demonstrations took place at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California; Northrup Defense Systems in Chicago; Sandia Labs and Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque; and the Lockheed Missile and Space Company in Santa Cruz.

Salvadoran Refugees' March to Washington
A group of about 70 refugees walked from New York to Washington in July to protest the Reagan Administration's certification of improvements of human rights in El Salvador. According to a Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service estimate, 500,000 Salvadorans — that's equal to 10% of that county's population — now live in the U.S.

Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice
Inspired by women's peace camps in England and the Netherlands, hundreds of women from across the U.S. and Canada established an encampment near the Seneca Army Depot at Seneca Falls, N.Y. On August 1, the women staged a demonstration at the gates of the depot. Thousands of women and some men participated, and more than 200 were arrested for climbing a fence with the intention of planting trees, gardens, and roses inside the depot.

March for Jobs, Peace, Freedom
The nation commemorated the twentieth anniversary of Martin Luther King's famous "I Have a Dream" speech in Washington with a massive

demonstration for jobs, peace, and freedom. The original march was for jobs and freedom for blacks. The year's event added the theme of peace, and was the occasion for pulling together a Coalition of Conscience consisting of civil rights, religious, women's rights, labor, youth, and environmental organizations.

Bikers for Peace
A group of Russian, American, and Scandinavian citizens rode their bicycles across the U.S.S.R. from Moscow, and then, after flying to New York, rode to Washington, their final destination. The purpose of their trip was to foster international understanding and dialogue as an essential ingredient of peace.

Nordic Women's Peace March
About 100 women and men from six Scandinavian countries marched from New York to Washington to the demonstration for jobs, peace, and freedom in Washington. Many of the marchers had participated in a march from Stockholm to Moscow and Minsk in 1982 and, in 1981, a march from Stockholm to Paris.

World Council of Churches
Thr World Council of Churches held its sixth assembly last July 24 to August 10 in Vancouver, British Columbia in Canada. This year's theme was "Jesus Christ — the Life of the World." At a plenary session devoted to the subtheme of "Life, a Gift of God," representatives of Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam told how their traditions view life as a gift from God. It was the first time non-Christian representatives had addressed a plenary session.

Evangelicals and the Arms Race
Last May, evangelical Christians gathered to address and discuss the issue of nuclear disarmament for the first time. The conference, titled "The Church and Peacemaking in a Nuclear Age," focused on biblical perspectives and on providing a balance of such diverse approaches to the subject as pacifism, the just-war theory, and the "peace through strength doctrine." Criticized by some as a gathering of the "evangelical left," the conference also addressed the need for evangelical peacemakers to first make peace with each other.

Human Rights in Iran
Over 150 members of the Baha'i faith had been executed as of late summer in Iran, birthplace of that religion, since the 1979 revolution that put Ayatollah Khomeini and his Shiite followers in power. Amnesty International issued a statement saying that while members of the Baha'i' faith are usually accused by Iranian authorities of espionage, it believes the real reason for imprisonment and execution is religious belief.

New Book by Fellowship Author

Doris Donnelly, contributing editor of *Fellowship in Prayer,* has recently published a book on forgiveness. *Putting Forgiveness into Practice* can be used for group or individual study and includes exercises in forgiving others, being forgiven, and perceiving the reconciliation needed among individuals, institutions, and nations. To order the book, send $4.95 plus 40¢ for shipping to: Argus Communications, One DLM Park, P.O. Box 7000, Allen, TX 75002.

Woman Rabbi

The Rabbinical Assembly of Conservative Rabbis voted last spring against admitting a woman rabbi. Rabbi Beverly Magidson of St. Louis was only four votes short of admission into the Assembly — she says she'll try again. Late in the summer, Rabbi Magidson was hired to serve a Conservative congregation.

— D. Jani Druck

During a recent interfaith service at New York's St. Paul the Apostle Church, dancers perform interpretation of national biblical theme for Peace With Justice Week.

CREDITS

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The opinions expressed in this issue are the authors' and/or subjects' and not necessarily those of the editors or of Fellowship in Prayer.

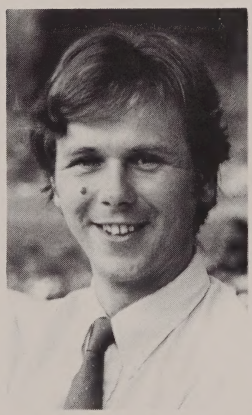
THIS TOO FOR LOVE

Surviving wind and earthquake,
searing fire,
in angry fear, I cried,
"Where were you, God?
This is your mountain . . . and I,
I might have died!"

But waiting out
my anger, fear,
at last I heard
the Still Small Voice, "All,
all are my children. Now
wait out the pride."

Emily Sargent Councilman

NEWS OF THE FELLOWSHIP



by TOM DUNHAM

The new Executive Secretary of Fellowship in Prayer, appointed by the Trustees in an August meeting, is Edward Miller, graduate in the honors program in philosophy of Villanova University, with experience in teaching and in the business and editorial activities of small publications. He is a member of the Religious Society of Friends. Among his responsibilities will be the preparation of this publication in its new form, the administration of grants, and, in particular, the carrying out of an expanded field program in which the Fellowship will seek frequent contact with the persons and prayer groups that compose it. The Trustees decided also that the publication in its new form should appear bimonthly rather than quarterly, and reaffirmed that it should be circulated gratis to all on the Fellowship mailing list.

Jani Druck is now studying for the ministry at Drew University, and Laure Capouya, a graduate of Grinnell College with experience in research and office procedures, has taken her place.

I HEARD A SAYING . . .

I heard a saying that day utters unto day:
They say that within hell are flames of fire
That devour sin and backsliding souls.
There is no angel nor defender that can intercede for them.
What have you against me, my passion, that with
The sweet vanities of the world you make me break loose
from my work?
I will take reverence as provision for the way
And we will ride the heavenly chariots of good deeds, and
then I will find rest.
Who in time is there to assure me that I can escape
the unlucky blows of fate?
The small and the great with the fool and the brutish perish—
Comes the day of their change and they are wholly consumed.
How can this be that I drink to the full from the deep waters
of time and enjoy their delights
And like beasts of the forest, not understand
The meadows of intellect that they have laid waste!

—From the Mahberot of Immanuel of Rome (1261-1328?)
Translated by Victor E. Reichert

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